## **CHEESE IN FRANCE**

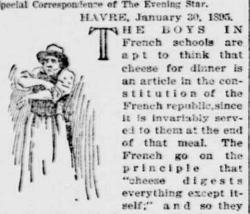
Where Some of the Famous Varieties Are Made.

IN THE PEACEFUL NORMAN VALLEY

The Process of Making the Camembert Cheese.

THE FACTORY PRODUCT

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.



everything except itself;" and so they give it at the end of eating. The Italians, for the same reason, grate it and sprinkle it in their soup at the beginning. Thoughts of cheese come to you naturally in this land. The traveler learns to know that Gruyere is from Switzerland, that Neuchatel is not from the Swiss town of that name, but from Normandy near Dieppe, that Erie is from Champagne, and that the king of all the cheeses, the Camembert, is from the solitary green valleys of Normandy across the Seine, where he entered

These Norman valleys are remote from any line of railway, which accounts for

France at Havre.



their being so little visited. They are nearest to the stations of the road leading direct from Paris to Trouville. You leave the train at the station of Vimoutiers and drive over grassy hills along a road bordered with apple trees. Little streams, each with its own richly cultivated valley, lead off on either side. The most as hidded of the hillside, more exposed to the sun, give drive over grassy hills along a road border-ed with apple trees. Little streams, each noted for something besides cheese. still contains the farm house where Charlotte Corday was born and nourished the visions of liberty which finally led her to go up to Paris and plunge a knife into the heart of Marat, the revolutionist. The valley is round, with its edges rising like an immense amphitheater, down the slopes of which red and white cows are cropping even through the winter; for the climate here so near to the sea is mild enough to keep them out of doors at all seasons. In among the pasture land are rows of numberless apple trees. Normandy being the land of cider as well as of cheese. So few tourists pass this way that the

answers to your first inquiries are likely to he discouraging. "Which is the house of Charlotte Corday?" "She cannot belong to these parts, we do

"But she died a long time ago," persists the tourist; "they guillotined her because she killed Marat."

'Sir, this is a country of honest people; there are no assassins here."
When you at last come upon the house it is a simple cottage of clay wails, held together with cross beams of wood. There



is a great, low, whitewashed room, where now hangs a picture of Marshal MacMahon, cut from an illustrated paper. Upstairs there is a garret chamber, where an old spinning wheel, strings of dried apples, and other lumber of the farmer occupy the room where Charlotte was born and first looked out into the world. The scene has changed since then. Then all spoke of want and misery among the country people; and she herself said that the sight had inflamed her with a desire to help in freeing her people. Now all speak of rural prosperity. A beautiful meadow spreads in front, and you can hear the butter coming below in its turning Norwegian There is nothing to recall the

reach the valley of Camembert along the winding course of a clear rivulet, by whose banks pear trees begin to appear. Soon you pass through the hills. and the great open valley, divided by the well-paved highway, as is customary in France, lies before you. The houses are close to the road, with the inevitable apple and pear trees around them. In the morn-ing hours of the fine season great tin palis stand around the open doors, full of milk. Under the little open shed beside the new theeses are dripping. Two milions of these little, flat, round cheeses are made each



Cheese Makers.

year and sent away to Paris and to all parts of Europe. And many millions more of imitation Camembert cheeses are made The real Camembert. which won universal renown, was made by the farmers at their homes, and, of course, by hand. Unless you go to the valley it-self it is almost impossible to obtain one of these cheeses now, for most of the farmers have learned to club together; their milk is carried in cans to a central factory, the milk of different herds of cows feeding in divers pastures is mingled together, and the delicacy of the old-time Camembert is lost.

The cows are milked in the morning, at noon and before the sun has set. The three milkings of evening morning and noon are mixed together and at once made into cheese. In the home-made article the milk has not been shaken or exposed to sun or cold, and the result has something subtle and unctuous in flavor. But in the factories which have come up of late years the temptation to profit by everything is so great that even a part of the cream is taken from the milk to be made into butter. This gives those inferior dry Camemberts, which are sold at a frame apiece in the Parisian markets. In the old time each farmer carried his cheeses of the week on every Monday morning to the market of Vimoutiers. He paid two-fifths of a cent

for every dozen of cheeses which he had brought with him to have a place to sell them himself. Husband and wife stood together, and when their cheeses were sold they celebrated the weekly event by a dinin the village hotel. Nowadays they



give their milk for about four cents a quart to the factories. It brought them the equivalent of five cents under the old method, but then they had the trouble of making the cheese and curing it, and the expense of going to the market, of bad sales and the dinner at the hotel. The Norman peasant is thrifty. He does not care to keep his Camembert up to the high-est standard, in view of the temptations

which the factory offers him. The Camembert is not one of the oldest of the Norman cheeses. It was invented during the French revolution by a brave farmer's wife, whose grandchildren are still connected with its making. This was Madame Harel, who attended to the dairy en her husband's farm here in the valley. Her first improvement was to leave all the cream in the milk, except in the months of that meal. The
French go on the
principle that product of the winter season.

The milk just as it comes from the cows, who have been feeding on the lush gress of the same pasture, is stirred gen-tly after the rennet to curdle it has been poured in, and is then left to stand in the great buckets, closed by a wooden cover. curdling has lasted long enough when the finger applied to the surface no longer receives a stain of milk. The mass is at once poured into the little forms, which have openings at each end, through which the whey can drip out. These forms are hung up in nets, made of rushes, until the dripping is over. Then the cheeses are carefully salted and left to dry from twenty to twenty-five days. Madame to the market dealers, carrying the cheeses to be sold when they were quite new. But this is nowadays done in a drying room of the factory. By the third day numbers of little brown points begin to appear on the surface of the cheeses. After a week fine white vegetation already cov-ers them-the mold, which is the true sign of the royal Camembert. When the cheeses, begin to sweat and no longer stick to the fingers, they are taken to a cellar, where they are left piled on boards, under careful inspection day by day. When the expert declares them done, each one is wrapped in paper, six are bound together in straw sheaves tied with cord, and these are packed away in wicker baskets or wooden crates, to be sent to the distant markets.

The Money in It.

An average Camembert cheese weighs three-fifths of a pound, and to make it nearly two quarts of milk are required. A dozen of these cheeses bring to the farmer something like two dollars, and a good cow through the season will be worth to him a hundred dollars in cheese alone, not to speak of the butter from the summer's skimming. The whole production in this little valley amounts to nearly one million dollars each year. Two things are in the farmer's mind as necessary to the true Camembert. The cheese must not be large in size, for it would become tasteless. And the cows must be kept out in the open fields all the winter long, for if brought to the stable their milk would lose the precious quality which it derives from the savory grass of the valley. There is also the superstition, or perhaps the true scruple is dying away, and you cannot easily have now your Camembert cheese identified with a particular "cote d'or." But Camembert is only one of the many Norman cheeses, and each valley for miles around has its own special product. It must be said, however, that the fame of the Camembert is gradually bringing all the farmers of this entire region to turn over their milk to great factories, where the imitation Camembert is made with a "centrifugal machine," which speedily heats all the least particles of cream from the milk. The peasants say, with bated breath, that when the machine is done with it the milk is good for nothing but to be fed to their pigs. But their love of money is greater than their love for art, and the world is likely to be filled with the false cheeses.

STERLING HEILIG.

OVER IN ENGLAND.

London Correspondence Philadelphia Press.

Light on Underground Trains-The London Sandwich Man.

"What's good's all English; all that isn't ain't." This, for instance: Railway trains, especially the undergrounds, are illy lighted. No one with any respect for his eyesight would attempt to read by the intermittent flickering glimmer of this wretched excuse for a light. In the carriages, however, have recently been placed four socalled electric reading lamps. By putting a penny in the slot you may have the use of one of these things. While charging the highest rates for first-class travel of any nation in the world and giving the least accommodation the English railway companies now propose to make the passengers pay for the light or go without. The petty exactions on English railways are so nu look upon this as a kindly and enterprising act. To my untutored mind it looks like saving, "Railway carriages can be lighted. but we won't light them unless you pay

Without the sandwich man the streets of London would lose some queer contrasts this winter. Step by step in the gutter go these poor wretched creatures trudging about bearing their strange de vices. I am told like everything nowadays, these unhappy waifs of humanity are syndicated, and some man or some company grows rich out of their patient misery. The range of advertising these dreary fellows bear upon their shoulders is marvelous to an American. I saw a swarm of them the other day trooping along with large photographs of the As-syrian antiquities of the British Museum. To see these human antiquities at their best one should walk along Piccadilly and the Strand. Contrast the appearance of the sandwich man with the bill board he carries and you will have some curious

## It Was in Inverse Ratio.

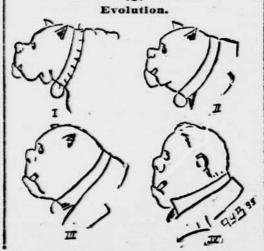
combinations.

From the Chicago Record. "You don't want that \$25 hat, Mary," sald Mr. Muggins, who was with his wife in the milliner's store. "It's too big, anyhow. Now, if the milliner could only take off four or five feathers it would be all

"That's easy," interposed the milliner. sweetly, sulting the action to the word. "And there you have a love of a little bonnet." And then, as Mr. Muggins felt for his pocket book smilingly, thinking of the economy he had effected, she added,

"Now it's only \$50." He Was Sorry He Spoke. From the Cincinnati Tribune.

"I rather guess I am onto you." re marked the man to the folding bed. The folding bed said nothing. It merely shut up. Then so did the man.



He Provides the Senators With Comforts and Luxuries.

OVER A MILLION DOLLARS ANNUALLY

The Senate Barber Shop and the Drug Store.

SOME PECULIAR ITEMS



VNCLE SAM IS quite accustomed to have his pockets turned inside out every few days, as the frequent issue of bonds by the Treasury Department attests. But he has so long been the object of pillage and plunder, and it has come to be such a regular, systematic affair, that, being a good-

natured chap, he seldom grumbles and less often interferes. Could he be personified and individualized and turned loose among a lot of bunco steerers, he would undoubtedly madden their hearts as one of the greenest of green victims. The records of the government show how soft a mark he

It has been a custom for a number of

years to call attention annually to the report of the secretary of the United States Senate, containing his account of the expenditures on behalf of that expensive body, as one of the exhibits in this record of systematic elongation of the limb of Uncle Sam. This report shows that the poor old chap is distorted out of all symmetry, grace and beauty. In its 200 pages, packed closely with figures, are shown the various means by which over a million dollars are spent annually for one reason and another in order that the country may have the Senate and that the Senate may be comfortable and happy and well attended. This report shows that there is some luxury in being a Senator after all. It has often been declared by some of the more liberal-minded people of the country that the Senators are not paid enough; that \$5,000 a year is hardly an adequate com-pensation for men who assume such risks to their political fortunes and devote so much time to their assiduous tasks. This view, however, is not well sustained by the secretary's report, which shows that the mere salary attached to the office is but a little more than one-third of the total expense of running this somewhat costly establishment.

Where the Money Goes. At \$5,000 a year the eighty-eight Senators comprising the upper house receive a total of \$440,000. The total expenditures on account of the Senate, including salaries, mileage, etc., aggregate \$1,147,902.91, leaving a balance beyond the salaries of \$707,-902.91. Of this sum \$47,545.08 goes to the Senators for mileage to and from their residences. The officers and clerks of the Senate cost \$390,338.13; the Senate's share of the Capitol police, \$19,385; and one month's additional pay, that is usually voted each year to the officers and employes, causes an expenditure of \$42,448.78. This, of course, is a little gratuity, a bit of generous extravagance, a legislative tip, as

But the most interesting item of all is off on either side. The most schuded of a finer flavor to the cheese made from the that of \$199,185.92 spent for "contingent er 175 of miscellall, just before you reach Camembert, is milk of cows pastured there. But this expenses." Thrown into the financial pot laneous items on page in a lump it might not be well understood,

this large sum appropriated for pin money of the is boiled down and disintegrated, spread out in detail on the records, through the t, it is contain interest. medium of the secretary's report, it is to some highly interesting items that throw some measure of light upon the reasons why \$5,000 a

year may after all be quite an adequate compensation for a Senator. In these days of civil service reform and restricted patronage and lack of opportunities for statesmen to remember their this contingent fund of the Senate is a great blessing. "Pickings" is the word to express the situation, and yet there is nothing dishonest about it; everything is all open and above board, set down in the most honest frankness in the secretary's report, detailed with an innocence that is its own defense and that defles the world.

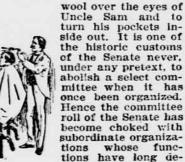
Nevertheless the interest in the situation is not abated. The Committee Never Meets.

There are very many ways of doing things apparently, according to the report. For instance, it is quite possible for the do outside business while drawing pay from the government, and then hire another clerk to do the work of the first clerk, but call the second clerk "an expert," and pay the second clerk over twice as much as the first clerk draws, and yet not do any of the work that the first clerk is supposed to do. That sounds a little complicated, but just such a situation has developed in the Senate, and the figures in support of this proposition may be obtained from the

And the most curious part of it all is that the committee for which these two clerks labor so violently has less to do than any other committee in the Senate, and costs more probably than any other. This is the committee on corporations within the District of Columbia, a committee orwhich was long since accomplished. It has not held a meeting within the memory of man. It has not had a bill referred to it for several legislative epochs. It has not made a report for eras. Yet it costs the government annually for clerk hire \$5,090 and is a constant drain upon the contingent fund for minor expenses, rent of typewriters, phonographs, other machinery, pur-chase of books, and all sorts of things. The clerk of this committee is paid \$1,440 per annum and is never seen at the Capitol. The "expert" who is employed to untangle the vastly intricate problems that are supposed to come before this important body receives \$10 per day for his arduous labors. It is a general supposition about the Senate that this is by no means an

adequate compensation for this great service that he renders. All Due to Custom. There is a reason for all this, of course which, while it explains an apparent ab-

surdity, shows how easy it is to pull the



Uncle Sam and to side out. It is one of the historic customs of the Senate never. under any pretext, to abolish a select committee when it has once been organized. Hence the committee roll of the Senate has subordinate organizations whose functions have long departed and which are used merely to give

chairmanships to certain Senators. Every member of the majority has a emmittee, and unless the majority is very large there are enough select committees left over to provide some of the members of the minority with chairmanships. advantage of this arrangement is that it gives the Senators clerks at slightly larger salaries than are paid the clerks of Sena-tors without committees. The latter are allowed \$1,200 a year, while the lowest salary for a committee clerk is \$1,440, and from that sum the compensations range upward to \$3,000. The latter sum is paid to the clerk of the committee on appropria-tions and is not a cent too much, because tremendous duties devolve upon this position. It is one of the most important places under the government. The committee on corporations within the District of Columbia is one that is usually given to a member of the minority,

LAVISH UNCLESAM It has no more use for an "expert" than Senator Aldrich has for water in his shoes. But Senator Aldrich, as the parliamentary and tariff leader of the republican side needs expert services frequently, and, in deed, almost constantly, especially when financial matters are before the Senate for consideration. Then the expert is a very handy piece of furniture. Thus, it will be seen that there are more ways than

one of getting at the contingent fund. Experts come high, but they must be had.

Ice and Apollinaris. Senator Allen has already called attention publicly to the expenses of the Senate in furnishing and maintaining the restaurant, which is run by an outsider for his own profit, but for the "convenience" of own profit, but for the "convenience" of white kid gloves; \$50.27 to the Pullman Senators and visitors at the north end of the Capitol. All the restaurateur has to the use of two parlor cars and \$280.27 for pay for is his marketing. All the furniture of the kitchen and the restaurant are furnished to him free, as well as coal, gas, electric lights and ice. These items are lumped into the general bilis for those articles that are paid out of the contingent fund. Here is a sample ice bill picked at random from the secretary's report: "National Capital Ice Company, for 138,941 pounds of ice furnished the United States Senate, from September 1 to 30, 1833, at 30 cents per hundredweight, \$416.82." That is \$13.89 s. day for ice alone during the is \$13.89 a day for ice alone during month of September. On page 161 of the secretary's report, directly opposite the item just mentioned, is the note of a voucher paid October 10, 1893, amounting to \$175 for ice chests and refrigerators furnished by a local firm for the Senate, the restaurant and the Maltby building. There were two refrigerators for the restaurant, one at \$85 and one at \$30.

On the same page, chosen as a mere sample, is this entertaining voucher, numbered 66, and paid on the same lay to a local firm of grocers: September 1, for one box of lemons, \$4; September 4, for one box of lemons, \$4; September 30, for sixteen boxes best lemons, at \$4.50, \$72; for 620 pounds granulated sugar, at 5½ cents, \$34.10; for twenty-six cases of Apollinaris water, at \$7.50, \$195; total, \$309.10. Lemonade for the Senate! Soft drinks for statesment. That is the simple explanation of men! That is the simple explanation of the foregoing item.

Life is not a parched and howling wilderness in Congress. It is sweetened with cooling drinks by the way. Statesmanship finds its inspiration in hot weather from the flowing punch bowl. It is perhaps a wise precaution, for Apollinaris lemonade is not an intoxicant, and some other summer drinks are. The Apollinaris bill of the Senate for the month of July last, which is not included in the last annual report, but will be in the next, was over \$1,000. This delightful beverage is served in the cloak rooms of the Senate, and, as may be imagined from the bills, enormous quantities are consumed. It is quite free, and that may account somewhat for its great All-Night Sessions.

Another instance of the generosity of Uncle Sam to his senatorial servants is to be found in voucher No. 281 of miscellaneous items paid May 16, 1894, to T. L. Page, the proprietor of the Senate restaurant, for a matter of \$139.45. Of this sum \$90.75 was for coffee and chocolate served in the cloak rooms of the Senate from October 3 to 31, 1836, and \$48.70 for lunches served in the finance committee room. This is a relic of the great silver repeal fight of the autumn of 1893. For many days the Senate was in continuous session, and it was necessary to keep a quorum on hand or within call at all hours. Hence the cof-

fee and chocolate in the cloak room.

The coffee served the double purpose of keeping the Senators from going out for their lunches and of preventing somnolence during the long watches of the weary nights when interminable speeches on nothing in particular were being delivered by the enemies of repeal. The lunches in the committee room were served as a means of saving time, for it was important that the members of the committee should be kept together on certain occasions. The bill for this latter item was probably paid on the theory that the Senators would have paid for their own funches if they had had the opportunity, but, being forced to remain in continuous session, they were in a measure the guests of Uncle Sam. Another relic of the all-night sessions is

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to be found in youch-170 paid January 23, 1894, to a local dry goods firm, as follows: October 3, 1893, for four pairs blankets at \$17.50 per pair, \$70. Those were beautiful blankets, and they kept many a Senator snug and warm while the fight for and against repeal was raging in tumultuous fury on the other side the cloakroom

doors. These blankets are now stored away in the Senate for possible use at another

sary.

The Senate boasts of the most luxurious barber shop in the world. This is not because it is so gorgeously furnished and fitted, although it will pass inspection on those points; it is because a shave or hair cut had there is absolutely free, and there is no obligation whatever on the part of the shavee to tip the barber. This shop is run for the exclusive benefit of the Senators. and is in charge of a "skilled laborer" at \$1,000 a year, assisted by two "laborers" at \$720 a year. The barber shop does not appear in any way among the items of the Secretary's report.

It is one of those things generally recognized by those who are in a position to do so. A stranger to this unique system of finance might read the book a dozen times and not knew that such an establishment existed. The barbers are provided for on the regular rolls, and their materials are paid for out of the contingent fund, under the head of miscellaneous items. Here is a sample bill, paid to a local drug firm under voucher 322, June 28, 1894: Two hundred two-grain quinine pills at cents, 60 cents; one large bottle bromo seltzer, 85 cents; 10 pounds camphor, at 45 cents, \$5.40; 4 1-2 gallons of alcohol, \$10.80; 5 gallons witch hazel, \$5; dozen boxes of blacking, \$3.30; one bottle of Jamaica ginger, \$2.25; 10 gallons have rum, \$:7.50; one bag sait, \$1; one quart glycerine, 75 cents; 7 bottles russet leather polish, \$1.40; 2 dozen boxes cafebrine powders. \$5; etc., etc., etc., until this particular bill reaches a total of \$129.35.

A Use for Drugs. The barber shop does not consume all these drugs, but many of them are kept in stock in the office of the sergeant-of-arms. whither the sick and wounded repair during office hours. A page with a refractory stomach that rebels at too much green fruit is prescribed for and cured with neatness and dispatch. A messenger, with a morning headache that speaks of a good time over night, is dosed with a powder and sent back to his post of duty in a twinkling of an eye. Even a Senator with an incipient case of malaria is saved for the public service by a timely quinine pill.

The apparently unwarranted extravagance of this senatorial drug store is in reality an economy, for many hours are saved the government by prompt and timely doses. No mention, of course, is made in the report of stocks of headache pow-ders and other matutinal refreshments kept in the cloak room for strictly personal use, but they are there just the same.

Space prevents that even feebly adequate justice be done to this entertaining volume. The 'list of miscellaneous expenses fairly reeks with interesting expenditures. Columns could be written of the enterprise of the government in buying mineral water at \$3.75 a case and get-ting a rebate by selling the empty bottles at 5 cents apiece; much could be said of the generosity of the Senate in paying \$100 for a crayon portrait of Senator Voorhees for the "use" of the committee on finance; allusion ought to be made in passing to the good uses to which the fund is put, such as the purchase of "one Bible, with apoc-rypha and concordance," at \$8.

Carriage and Funeral Expenses. The carriage bill of the Senate is not a small item. The sum of \$7.50 a day for the use of a hack is, of course, quite mod-



erate. That is to be found noted in vouchitems, paid October John Little got \$135

eighteen days' carriage hire for the use of the committee on finance. This was legitimate, for it enabled the finance committee to keep in touch with the Secretary of the Treasury during the silver fight. Not exactly the District of Columbia is one that is usually given to a member of the minority, and is now so held by Senator Aldrich. The solution of the minority of the minority, and is now so held by Senator Aldrich. The solution of the room, locked the door behind me and left him there to die!"

paid \$5.35 for cab hire in March and February. Had this not been paid, Mr. Edwards, who is a messenger of the Senate, would have been \$5.35 out of pocket, for he had spent that sum in taking home belated Senators. Just why or where they were belated does not appear in the report. It is appropriate, in conclusion, to note the expenses of an ample senatorial funeral. The funeral of the late Senator Colquitt cost the Senate \$2,823.12, not to mention the \$5,000 paid to his widow. This expense was divided as follows: \$185.60 for hack hire and general expenses incurred by the assistant sergeant-at-arms in charge of the funeral; \$608 to the undertaker for general funeral expenses; \$27.36 to a local firm for the use of folding chairs; \$27.25 to a dry goods firm for black cotton and ment of these cars.

Thus, the statesmen are tenderly cared

for during their terms of service and ex-pensively buried when they die. Who wouldn't be a Senator, even at \$5,900 a year?

THE JAPANESE HOME.

The Dwellings and the Domestic Life of the Quaint Oriental People.

rom Harper's Bazar. If a man of taste should enter a Japanese parlor he would not fail to be surprised at the display of marvelous and exquisite taste. Yet I have often heard the saying of foreigners that "the Japanese house has no furniture, and is absolutely cheerless and empty." This is quite wrong. I must say that they have no taste of the Japanese art, for the men of taste are agreed in saying that the art of decoration in Japan is excellent. If any one has some taste in this art he will perceive that the hanging picture on the toko wall, elaborate arrangement of flowers, pictures on the framed partitions and all decoration, however trifling, reveal infinite taste.

The tastes of the western people differ so much from ours that the decoration in their chambers seems almost childish to the Japanese eyes. The gorgeous display of colors in their rooms would please our children to look at. Drawing rooms piled up from corner to corner with toys, shells, stones, dishes, spoons and different novel things always remind us of our curio shops. A bunch of flowers is stuck in a vase without form and without order. The pictures in the rooms hang perpetually, though the face of nature and feeling of man change from time to time. All these sights which we are accustomed to see in the European house excite in us nothing but wonder. Yet this is the taste of the western people; we have no right to criticise it.

In Japan the family never gathers around one table as the European or other Asiatic peoples do, but each person has his or her own separate table, a foot square and a foot high, and always highly decorated. When they take their meals they kneel upon the mat, each taking his table before him. The little lacquered table generally contains a small porcelain bowl, heaped up with deliciously cooked rice, and several lacquered wooden bowls containing soup or meat, and numbers of little porcelain plates with fish, radishes and the like. The way of cooking, of course, is entirely different from the European. Two pretty chop-sticks, made of lacquered bamboo or wood, silver or ivory, are used instead of knife, fork and spoon, and all people use them with great skill. All foods are prepared in the kitchen, so as to avoid any trouble to use knife and fork. Soup is to be drunk from the bowl by carrying it to the mouth by hand, in the same way as people drink tea or coffee. Table etiquette has elaborate rules, which high-bred ladies and gentle-men must strictly follow. A maid servant always waits, kneeling, at a short distance, before a clean pan of boiled rice, with lacquered tray, on which she receives and de-livers the bowls for replenishing them. Fragrant green tea is always used at the end of a meal, but sugar and cream never.

END SEAT IN THE PEW.

It is the Place Occupied by the Pro tector of the Family. From the New York Sun.

"It is common enough," said Mr. Gratebar, "to see a man sitting in the aisle end of a pew in church get up on the arrivel of some other member of the family, step out into the aisle to let the late comer in. and then resume his seat at the end of the pew. It seems to me that I have read that this custom originated in New England in he did not do, and the arrest of the man the early days, when the men all sat by followed. the aisle so that they could seize their guns and get out promptly in case of at-tack by Indians. We don't have much to fear from Indians nowadays, but the seat the aisle is still occupied by the head of the family. He stands in the aisle while the others pass in, and then calmly takes his place in the end seat, at the head of the line, as a sort of general protector. "Sometimes in these days (we are so very free from Indians now) the head of the family thinks it is safe for him to stay at

home when he has a headache, and then the young son takes his place. I imagine that he talks it over with his mother on that he take it over with his mother on the way to church, so that it is all under-stood. When they get to the pew he stands in the aisle while his sisters and his mother pass in. I fancy that his sisters are rather glad when they are all seated and no longer conspicuous, but upon his mother's face as she brushes past him into the pew there is a smile of affectionate pride, and then he takes his seat in his father's place and sits there with fine boyish dignity.'

## He Was of an Inquiring Mind.

From the Amusing Journal. An old and respected citizen of Windsor, whose mind goes off with a wet fuse, so to speak, recently met his neighbor's wife with her two little daughters. He asked: "Are these your daughters?" "Yes."

"Little girls, I presume?" "Certainly." "They do not look like twins." "No, indeed. This one is ten, and the

other is seven years old." "The one ten years old is the older." "Yes; and the other is the younger. "Just so. Thank you, I was about to ask

He Had Forgotten.

From the Detroit Free Press. "I dreamed of you last night," he said to her, as one dove coos another. "And what did you dream?" she whispered, as she nestled close to his wings. "I dreamed you had gone to heaven and become an angel."

"Mr. Van Smith," she said, disengaging herself instantly, and speaking in icy tones, "you forget yourself." This was a tremendous jar to his feelings. 'Why-why-what is it,darling?" he gasp-

ed. "What have I done?"
"You said only yesterday, sir, that I was Half an hour later he had re-established

A Case of Misplaced Confidence.

From the Atlanta Journal. "One of the most remarkable cases of faith I have ever seen," said a well-known physician recently, "occurred when I was a student in Philadelphia. I had a patient. an Irishman, who had a broken leg. When the plaster bandage was removed and a lighter one put in its place, I noticed that one of the pins went in with great diffi-culty and I could not understand it. A week afterward, in removing the pin, I found that it had stuck hard and fast and I was forced to remove it with the forceps. What was my astonishment on making an examination to find that the pin had been run through the skin twice instead of the

"'Why, Pat," said I. "Didn't you know that pin was sticking you?"
"'To be shure I did,' replied Pat, 'but I thought you knowed your business and so I hilt me tongue.

A Duel to the Death. From the Argonaut.

Some Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honor," when one of them, a Marseillais, declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful fate that a duelist had ever met.

he was a fencing master.
"'One or the other of us," he declared in fearful wrath, 'will not go out of this "'So let it be!' I shouted in respons

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

# Baking ABSOLUTELY PURE

**ESCAPED MURDERERS** 

Unfinished Chapters in Several Local Cases of Crime.

DISAPPEARANCES NOT ACCOUNTED FOR

Men Who Have Taken Life and Have Gone Unpunished.

THE PASSAGE OF YEARS



city during the past does not verify the murderers have dis- southeast of Juneau. appeared as completely as if the earth swallowed them. The present police

force was organized that time the city has been the scene of and is the terminus for two steamer trips many sensational murders. About ten years after the organization of the force there was a brutal murder committed in the rival of Philip Armour of Chicago the gas house one night before Christmas. was hardly started before it was populated Because of the brutality of the crime and by 600 miners and persons who follow the easy manner in which the criminal escaped the police who were on the force at

the time will never forget it. Michael Lyden killed Michael Welsh. The men were neighbors and had been on the best of terms previous to the evening of the fatal meeting. But with a certain class of the residents of that section of the city in those days it was the custom to celebrate this holiday with rum drinking. One and perhaps both men had been drinking, and when working side by side in the gas works they had a dispute, which resulted in Lyden using his shovel on Welsh's head. The one blow was effective. The news of the homicide was soon known to every resident of "Foggy Bottom." Singular as it may seem, many of the residents, while not particularly glad that Welsh had been killed, were not anxious that his slayer should be prosecuted. Lyden left the gas house without being pursued, and walked leisurely to his home, a few squares distant. "He told them what he had done," said a friend of the family the other day, "and they told him to go. And he went." It is said that the police made no special

effort to capture this man, who is thought to have gone to the coal fields of Pennsylvania and entered the mines, where in a short time a man becomes unrecognizable by his dearest and most intimate friends. Others say he went to West Virginia and worked on the railroad a while. It is perhaps the general impression that he wen across the ocean to his native land. In connection with this case there is an interesting bit of history. While the facts

were fresh in the public mind a man in New York imparted the information to another that he was the murderer of Mike Welsh. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and his object was to make his newly made friend believe that he was not a meek citizen. Of course, his friend was told to keep the secret, which

The late Lieut. Guy went over to New York to see the prisoner, and entering the room he gave vent to his surprise, when he recognized the self-confessed murderer as Dice Moran. Moran was wanted here. He had been released on bail pending a trial for robbery, and, as the police call it, had "skipped his bond." When the late lieutenant returned, Moran came with him, and was afterward sent over the road. Two Cases of Mystery.

Thomas Fitzgerald, who was known as "Tom Fitz," killed Charles Draeger, and like Lyden, he soon shook from his feet the dust of Washington, and so far as is known there has since been no attraction here for him. This was about eighteen years ago. The murderer, a young man, had never been a source of much comfort to his friends, and even in his younger days he had kept bad company and been the recognized leader of a gang of boys who plundered country wagons and did other things for which they may have been punished. Charles Draeger was an ambitious young man, who conducted a grocery stere in Northeast Washington, and whom Fitzgerald had known in his boyhood days. One Sunday morning Draeger was in his store attending to his business when in

walked "Fitz" and a companion.
"I want some whisky," was the substance of his remarks addressed to the rewgrass" from asparagus. grocer, who was a quiet, easy-going man. He did not violate the Sunday law, and he so informed the man, who had probably not been home the night before. There was an oath uttered by the in-

at the grocer, whom he imagined had offended him. The blow proved fatal. During the investigation of the case the police made many searches, watched the mails and trains, but to no purpose. The only information they obtained was that the murderer had gone to the coal mines. At the time he committed the murder he was not alone, and his companion has since been sent to the penitentiary for another crime.

In 1883 there was another murderer who escaped, and, like the others mentioned, he is still at large. This man was ramed Lucius Johnson, a heavy-set colored man, who killed a boy named King Howe, at 3d and M streets southwest. The affair happened late at night, when several colored men met young Howe and others on the sidewalk. It seemed that the colored men claimed the entire sidewalk, and because King Howe, who had only been here from the country a few weeks, did ot move fast enough for him, there was a quarrel, which ended in the killing of the

Lucius Johnson was well known here, both to the police and citizens of South Washington, and strenuous efforts were made to effect his capture. He remained about Buzzard's Point several weeks dressed in female wearing apparel, and when he thought the coast was clear he took a beat from a wharf near the point and went across the river to Pencote woods, and from there made his way down through

They Also Escaned. Four years later there was another case

which still reminded the police that "murder won't out.' A colored man, almost white, named Frank Heideman or Hardiman, killed a huckster named John Haines. This occurred in the first ward, not far from 20th and E streets, and Heideman and some colored friends were entirely responsible for the affair. The huckster was attending to his business at the time and was driving along the street, when he was halted. The starting of the affair was re garded as an alleged joke on the part of the colored men, but the huckster failed to se where the joke came in, when he saw his stock being ruined, and it was while de fending himself and property that he was shot and killed. After threatening lan-guage had been indulged in Heideman went off, borrowed the pisto!, and, upon his re turn to the place, killed Haines.

"How was it?" asked everybody.
"I was at a hotel, and I chanced to insult a total stranger. It turned out that down when the affair happened, and it was thought that he lived in the marsh several days, but concerning this the police have changed their minds, and they now believe he left the city the evening the murder

> The last crime of this kind in which the culprit escaped arrest and punishment was enacted on the sidewalk at the corner of marks of the barbed wire fenca."

3d and B streets less than two years ago. An old man named John Schoppech was stabbed after he had figured in a quarrel in a barber shop, and, although in his antemortem statement he declared he did not know the name of his assailant, the police will always believe that he did not confine himself entirely to the truth.

A few weeks ago these cases were called to the attention of the police, when the Mexican authorities sent word here that a man in Monterey, while drunk, had said he killed a man here. His name was given as A. K. Travis. Descriptions of some of the missing murderers were sent to Mexico, but nothing has since been heard from

GOLD IN ALASKA.

How Placer Mining is Being De veloped. From the New York Herald.

From all reports, the great gold fields to be developed are in Africa and Alaska, English capital has been turned toward the African fields, and, as a result, it has HE EXPERIENCE become a less inviting region to the prosof the police of this pector. The more hazardous gold hunters are already 1,800 miles up the Yukon river, quarter of a century in Alaska, delving into a wild, unexplored country covered with gold-bearing gulches saying "murder will from Point Barrow, in the Arctic ocean, out," for several to the head waters of the Lewis river,

It was known years ago that rich placer grounds were plentiful in this vast terrihad opened and tory, but there were no means of reaching the country until two years ago, when the North American Transportation and Trading Company established trading posts along the Yukon as far as Fort Cudahy, in 1861, and since which was built more than a year ago,

to be made this year. stampedes.

I learned much that was both new and interesting about this country in a chat with General Manager John J. Healy and Col. P. B. Weare, the president of the North American Company, who stopped several days at the Astor House this week, while purchasing goods for the trading posts along the Yukon river and the Bering sea. To begin with, Col. Weare tells me, no man should go into that far-away field without a roll of from \$700 to \$1,000 a "stake," as miners call it. The mining season last four months and will be well along before he reaches the fields. No encouragement is offered to credulous

adventurers who see visions of ground strewn with gold nuggets. During the winter months-and winter comes pretty near absorbing the other seasons-the miners move from the diggings which lie from 40 to 1,000 miles from the river to Fort Cudahy, and there spend their money in such ways as are common to improvident persons in mining camps, or save it if they are thrifty. The rewards are certain and the cost of living is surprisingly small. So far as is known there is an almost endless tract

of country dotted with gulches along the streams flowing into the Yukon, which produce from one to six ounces of clean blown gold dust a day to the miner. One miner alone took \$100 a day from his claim last season, and dirt that pays very much better has been discovered in pockets, al-though the district within the narrow radius where the miners are now working has hardly been scratched over. Labor in the placers is worth \$10 a day. The ground is cradled after the primitive

fashion of the early days. There of water, but so far no mining has been carried on by companies. A man who has a good claim near the Yukon will sometimes hire four or five men and make good

The Jew's Harp.

From the London Daily News. Reference is made in the new "Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund" to a paragraph which appeared recently in the Daily News on the subject of that strangely named instrument, the Jew's harp. Why a Jew's harp? it has often been asked, and no satisfactory solution, so far as we are aware, has ever been afforded. The writer in the Palestine Exploration Fund's organ thinks the term may be derived from "jeu-harpe," or toy harp. This suggestion is not new, for it is to be found in Richardson's Dictionary and other works of reference, but it is clearly madnissible. In French "jouet" is a toy, not "jeu," and, moreover, "jeu" is a substantive, and cannot possibly be employed as an adjective. It is more likely that Jew's harp is a corruption of a word that had a somewhat similar sound. It is not impossible that it is derived from the French word "guimbarde, which refers to the same instrument, or possibly from the word unknown, whence this was derived. The difference between "guimbarde" and Jew's harp is, after all, less than that between "eveque" and "bishep," which are both from "episco-pus." The tendency to convert unknown words into words that are known is very common, and may be illustrated by "spar-

Consumption of Alcohol.

From All the Year Round. In 1885 the consumption of beer in England was 32 gallons per head; in Scotland 16, and in Ireland 16; the consumption of cider in England, 0.4, and none at all in the other two countries; the consumption of spirits in England, 0.8; in Scotland, 1.9; in Ireland, 1; the consumption of wine 0.5 in England, 0.5 in Scotland, and 0.2 in Ire-land. The English drinker's partiality for beer and the Scotch and the Irish drinker's preference for spirits is clearly shown. When these amounts are converted into their equivalents of alcohol we see that Ireland consumes least-1.4 gallons pe nead, Scotland comes next with 1.6 and England heads the list with 2.13 gallons of alcohol for each man, weman and child of the population; this, by a curious and

undesigned coincidence, is just under one ounce a day per head, the quantity which so many medical authorities assume can be safely taken—the physiological quantity which the country has heard so much of late years.

Children seldom touch alcohol, most women take little, and many men do not take any at all; so that the habitual con-sumers of alcohol, whether they drink to excess or not, get through three or four times the amount which the leading medical authorities assert should not be ex-

> The Dead Babe. Last night, as my dear babe lay dead, In agony I kneit and said:
> "O. God! What have I done, Or in what wise offended Thee, That Then should'st take away from me My little son?

ceeded.

'Upon the thousand useless lives, Upon the guilt that vaunting thrives,
Thy wrath were better spent!
Why should'st Thou take my little son?
Why should'st Thou that Thy wrath upon
This impoent?"

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead, Before mine eyes the vision spread Of things that might have been; Licentious riot, cruel strife, Forgetten prayers, a wasted life Dark red with sin!

Then, with soft music in the air, I saw mother vision there: A Shepherd, in whose keep A little lamb, my little child, Of worldly wisdom undefiled, Lay fast asleep! Last night, as my dear habe lay Gead, In those two messages I read A wisdom manifest;

And, though my arms be childress now, I am content; to Him I bow Who knoweth best. - LUGENE FIELD. How He Knew.

From Good News. Small Son (looking at piece of reast pork, with top scored)-"That's western pork, isn't it?"

Mother (surprised)-"Why, yes. How did Small Son-"Easy 'nough. Look at the